

What Two Girls Can Do.

I haven't much time to write and am far from an experienced writer, but it does relieve me to have an occasional opportunity to suggest things, which I think might help a few, at least.

The fancy side of Poultry is out of my sphere, and I would rather listen than make the noise, but there are profitable practical things in connection with full-blooded poultry, that seem to be overlooked.

During the hatching season fanciers big and little can and do dispose of their surplus eggs for hatching purposes by letting people know what they have to sell, but the real hatching season does not last only a few months.

Seeing, every day, the novel success two girls are making in my town, buying and shipping eggs, suggests a topic to write about, or rather I will tell you what these girls are doing, (I have their permission for the reason that I encourage the undertaking, they have sort of a fatherly respect for me).

These girls were too ambitious and too sensible to kill time at Dad's expense. One day they called my attention to a groceryman packing eggs, we took in the sight without his detecting our curiosity. Old weather beaten cases, besmeared cardboard fillers, eggs of all colors, sizes and shapes, dirty eggs, clean eggs and eggs with feathers sticking to them. They came to my office next day and they unloaded their plan for my criticisms.

Their plan was this:

They would rent a room and go to buying eggs paying the cash, etc., and hoped that the farmers would appreciate the cash enough to induce them to bring their eggs to them instead of to the stores, and it worked. The farmers took to the idea in no time and the grocery stores are now compelled to get eggs for their town customers from these two girls. Not an egg goes to the stores from the farmers. Just another proof that the people like to help those who try to help themselves. We find no dirty filthy cases or fillers around this egg establishment. Every egg is washed and wiped dry. They are assorted into four varieties, the white shelled ones, the deep brown and light brown and a general cull grade which catches the runts of the other three grades. The runt grade catches the doubtfuls in candling, they have a market for the culls at market price, because they are, on account of being clean, preferable to a mixed lot of dirty eggs. They have a fancy market for the perfect eggs in handsome cartons, holding one dozen each, and a market for them in clean new cases. The three perfect lots are stamped with a rubber stamp.

They buy all the eggs that come to this town and two other towns.

Yesterday they called my attention to a case of eggs that a farmer brought in, they were all one color and needed but little washing. "That's the kind everybody should have," says they, "we can easily pay that man a cent more than we can for eggs that we have to scrub and sort." To-day they showed me a letter from a groceryman at a Western resort. It stated that they wanted two cases each day instead of one, and they voluntarily raised the price to encourage the girls to make an extra effort. Nice clean eggs in handsome little cartons did it.

Mr. Editor, it seems to me this dirty egg question is costing the poultry raisers too much money, they can't afford it. The real market for eggs is the towns and cities, every city and every town of any importance have people that will have nothing short of the best, and in many instances a few cents more per dozen only makes them that much more attractive. We

Mrs. Lula L. Cary, Hopkinstown Sunday in Memphis, Tenn.

must figure fads in this country and work them, it's a fad with some people to buy nice things because the big gun got the same brand, etc.

Mr. Editor, I don't want to use up all your space, but I want to mention that in due time these girls will buy, fatten and dress poultry and force a fancy market for their way of fixing up dressed poultry. The plan is not fully matured, but I am confident they will make it go.

Yes, we Yankees are purty smart, can do big things and make money like the dickens, then along comes somebody that makes more money than we do, just saving what we have wasted, that's about the way it is.

M. M. JOHNSON.

Fowlology.

Opportunity is the goose that lays the golden egg.

There is no law prohibiting the use of fowl language.

The negro who steals chickens does it in the dark.

The hen that never cackles seldom lays an egg.

The hen, like the farmer, feels better over a full crop.

The rooster that crows the loudest is often the greatest coward.

The hen seldom has trouble with her apparel; she has pin feathers.

Quoth I to Madam Ben Haden, "Pass me the lay of the modern hen."

The fancier admires the feather, but the farmer loveth the egg basket.

The hen does not go in for fancy victuals—all her meals are picked up.

You cannot tell how large an egg a hen has laid by her cackle.

The turkey that spends his time gobbling makes a poor Thanksgiving dinner.

The world owes the hen a living but she has sense enough to scratch for it.

The hen has never risen to the pinnacle of fame—she is content to lay low.

The habitual gatherer of eggs keepeth his name out of the merchant's ledger.

Though the hen is somewhat noisy about telling it she seldom egg-zagrates.

The hen knoweth that the sweetest worm lieth just beneath the surface in your garden.

The reason why the Plymouth hens make good mothers is because the Plymouth Rocks.

Eggs are considered very peaceable, but I have known a number of them to get in a scramble.

The hen has always been held up as an example of quickness, yet she often gets into a stew.

The reason why the doctor keeps no ducks is they give him away—they are always shouting "quack, quack."

The wheat harvest cometh in the summer, the corn harvest in the autumn, but the egg harvest every day.

Had Solomon written, "Take an egg now and then for the stomach's sake," it would have been better wisdom.

The bird-of-paradise and the peacock are noted for their beautiful plumage, but the unobtrusive hen is a revenue getter.—N. W. P. Journal.

Breeding and Care of M. B. Turkeys.

I have already written a good many articles for FANCY FOWLS on turkeys, but numbers of my customers are still urging me to write more on that special fowl, and to answer many questions. I'll put it all where possibly others may be benefited. If what little I can say may encourage and benefit one amateur breeder, I feel well paid for my trouble of writing these ideas of mine gathered from experience. The first and most important

thing is selecting breeding stock, and the time to do this is in November or December, and the kind to select is large bone, long body, deep breast, with plenty of bronze throughout, edging of feathers as clear and white as possible, also wing barring as distinct white and black as can be obtained, this is hard to do, but by care and strict attention to plumage it can be done, but sometimes at a sacrifice of size, which I prefer first, yet the largest, finest, heaviest weight birds I ever owned were beautifully marked with a perfect sheen of burnished gold with pure white tipplings and barring. I never want to breed from a stilt, clumsy bird of either sex, they rarely give satisfaction as breeders, hens do not lay enough eggs, and are usually infertile, while the toms are awkward and unproductive.

What I want for a breeder is a well shaped, up headed fellow, don't care to have them fat, unless for a show bird, and often times I think we damage them as breeders by getting them too fat, yet to please a customer they must weigh heavy when received.

I have never bred from a tom that at 18 months of age weighed less than 45 pounds in show flesh, but I do not want them so heavy during breeding season. How do you prepare your birds for the show room? is a question asked me many times. I will answer here for the benefit of the readers from various states. I feed them all the table scraps they want twice a day, morning and evening, then at noon I feed wheat and corn, giving plenty of clean, fresh water or milk, always seeing that they have grit or gravel for a digester. I occasionally give a little cayenne pepper for an appetizer, prepare a low roosting place to prevent them from jumping off of a high place and bruising their feet, thereby producing burions, which sometimes will rise and cripple the bird.

Just before exhibition coops are needed I take a soft brush and some Castile soap and warm water, wash their feet, face and wattles off well, then rub them briskly with vaseline or sweet oil, they are now ready for judging and I'm always sure of success, have never entered the show room, after this preparation, unless they carried off the trophies. I'm very proud, indeed, of my success, and the success of my customers, in the show room, am always proud to know that they think enough of them to exhibit them, for I make it my custom to never sell a cull at any price.

Hoping this may benefit some one, I am very sincerely,
Mrs. J. C. SHOFNER,
Booneville, Tenn., in Fancy Fowls.

Administrator's Sale Nov. 11, 1902.

The undersigned administrator of James J. Stuart, dec'd., will sell on the premises of the late James J. Stuart, dec'd., 2 1/2 miles West of Pembroke, Ky., to the highest bidder, all his house and kitchen furniture, farm tools and implements, stock and crops, consisting of hoes, axes, plows, barrows, disc harrow; drill, mower, binder, wagons, buggies, harness, gear, etc. Six good work mules, 75 acres corn in lots, 9 acres tobacco cured in barns, fatted hogs, stock hogs, &c.

Terms—All sums under \$10 cash in hand. All sums over \$10 on a credit of 4 months with bond and approved security. If the bonds for purchase money are paid promptly at maturity no interest will be charged, but if not paid when due interest will be charged at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum from day of sale until paid.

Planters Bank & Trust Co.,
Adm'rs. Jas. J. Stuart, dec'd.,
J. F. Garnett, President.

First Presbyterian Church.

First Presbyterian Church, Hopkinstown, Ky., Rev. Frances Lee Goff, pastor. The church was organized in 1813. The present house of worship was erected in 1880, and is located on the corner of Seventh and Liberty streets. Friends pending the Lord's day in town are invited to worship in this church.

Tomaso Salvini, the retired tragedian, living at Florence, Italy, was robbed of valuable gifts;

THE ALASKA ESKIMOS.

Their Linguistic Aptitude and Musical Development and Manners.

The Alaskan Eskimos are highly intelligent, industrious, moral and honest, according to their standards in such matters, which differ somewhat from our own. They are strictly truthful, of kindly, cheerful disposition, and exceedingly gentle, patient and tactful in their manners. In illustration of their intelligence, says the Era, it was interesting to note that while their language embraced but a few hundred words as against our overwhelming vocabulary, they and not we made all the advance, evincing the keenest interest in the acquisition of the white man's tongue. In voicing their proficiency in this direction it was not uncommon for some of the more sensitive among us to be shocked upon being saluted by some precocious maiden with a string of oaths, strangely intoned, culled for our edification from the explosive speech in general use among the representatives of a higher moral development. The natives soon learn such tunes and songs as were whistled or sung in their hearing. These they reproduce with considerable accuracy, words and all. The words were, however, generally sounds phonetically similar to those heard, and were sometimes, in fact, quite amusing. This sudden musical development seemed remarkable, considering that their natural attempts include only monotonous dronings, accompanied sometimes by an unmeasured inane thrumming on a sort of tambourine. There are many artists among them, whose carvings and etchings on ivory are of high excellence.

There is a marked ability in the adaptability to Caucasian customs between the men and women of this race. The men are much keener in anticipating what is likely to meet with white favor, and lose no time in at least concealing habits and inclinations that are seen to be objectionable, while the women make but little progress in this direction. The contrast is best shown at the white man's table, one or two meals sufficing to prevent any painful exhibitions from the men, whereas with the women no improvement is to be observed. With either sex, at such times, the unselfish solicitude for their absent friends is sure to evince itself in their setting aside the choicest morsels of food to be taken to them, never failing, however, to ask leave to do so.

SEEING CIVILIZATION.

Indian Chief Finds Much to Astonish Him in Winnipeg.

Two pioneers from the verge of civilization are in Winnipeg, in the persons of Rev. John MacDougall, of Norway House, and Chief Ross, of Cross Lake. Chief Ross is seeing civilization for the first time.

The chief, says the Winnipeg (Manitoba) Telegram, is a man of about 50 years of age and is almost a full-blooded Indian. His home is at Cross Lake, which is 500 miles north of Winnipeg and two-thirds of the way to York Factory, on Hudson's bay. He is a particular friend of Rev. Mr. MacDougall, who taught school and first met him at Norway House in 1860.

Chief Ross speaks no English. He has a quiet bearing born of long years spent in the wilderness and solitude of the far north. He seldom met a white man, and this was the first glimpse of the outer world he ever got except, perhaps, in the settlements at Norway House, Ft. Churchill or other remote trading posts. He was greatly interested in everything he saw and looked with amazement at the elevator in the hotel where he is staying, at the electric cars and other things, marvels of city life.

His great charm, however, was the shop windows, and Mr. MacDougall could hardly tear him away from some of the stores. He looked in the clothing establishments with as much interest as he looked in the jewelry stores. They were all wonderful and extraordinary to him. The gaudy colored delivery rigs also attracted his attention, and he was always engrossed in watching them go by. Such prosaic objects as pavements, hydrants and telegraph poles, received an equal share of his attention, and although he examined all closely, he asked no questions, admitting by his silence that it was all incomprehensible to him.

Small parties of people passing up and down the street also attracted his attention, and he gazed after them with wonder in his eyes, as though he were curious to know where they all came from and where they were going. A piano startled him in the hotel, but after it had been played awhile he liked it and wanted more.

SOUND AS A DOLLAR.

There's many a man whose lungs are to-day "as sound as a dollar" who at one time suffered severely with weak or diseased lungs. The change has been brought about by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It has cured men and women whose condition was regarded as hopeless, who were given up by physicians as beyond all hope of cure. "Golden Medical Discovery" cures obstinate deep-seated coughs, bronchitis, weak lungs, hemorrhage, and other diseased conditions which if neglected or unskillfully treated terminate fatally in consumption.

"I have great faith in your medicine," writes Mrs. A. W. Uthe, of 209 E. Eighth Street, Newport, Ky. "Fourteen years ago I was cured with only one bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' after I had been taking medicine from our doctor for five months. He told my mother that I had consumption and could not live longer than Spring, which would have been only a few months. The same day my attention was drawn to an advertisement of Dr. Pierce's medicine, and which described how I felt. We bought one bottle, and I took some of the medicine and felt so sick I thought I would die. Then I took smaller doses than at first and continued taking it. After the one bottle was used I was cured. I am forty years of age now, and am strong and healthy, through God's will and Dr. Pierce's medicine."

Don't be deceived into trading a substance for a shadow. Any substitute offered as "just as good" as "Golden Medical Discovery" is a shadow of that medicine. There are cures behind every claim made for the "Discovery," which no "just as good" medicine can show.

FREE. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent FREE on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing ONLY. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for the cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



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Of Every Description and Price.

Why send away from home for a monument or tombstone when you can buy the same at home cheaper?

When you give an order to an agent you pay more, for they get a commission of 25 per cent., which is added to the work they sell, and also the freight. Keep your money at home by patronizing a home shop.

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Feed Faster and Last Longer than any other lock stitch machine. Sew 300 stitches while other machines sew 200. Are as the tick of a watch, Standard of excellence and the greatest machine ever offered the public.

For a cheaper machine we offer you our "Favorite," which can not be excelled for the money. Call and be convinced.

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DR. MOFFETT'S TEETHINA (TEETHING POWDER)

Costs Only 25 cents at Druggists.

Or mail 25 cents to C. J. MOFFETT, M. D., ST. LOUIS, MO.

I have found Dr. Moffett's TEETHINA a splendid remedy and aid for my teething children. When my eldest boy was a teething child, every succeeding day varied so that we would inevitably lose him. I happened upon TEETHINA, and began at once administering it to him, and his improvement was marked in 24 hours, and from that day on he recuperated. I have constantly kept it and used it since with my children, and have taken great pleasure in sending it to all mothers of young children. I found it invaluable even after the teething period was passed.

Cures Cholera-Infantum, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, and the Bowel Troubles of Children of Any Age. Aids Digestion, Regulates the Bowels, Strengthens the Child and Makes TEETHING EASY. MRS. D. H. HARDY.